

king of kings by viktorcreed

Series: [a kiss with a fist is better than none \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Steve is pretty, really pretty. Billy's not one for appreciating the kind of beauty Steve has, bright smiles and sunny disposition. But that's not all, there's something else there just behind the gushy crap. Something heartbreaking, and it's got nothing to do with the princess, or maybe it does. Whatever it is taints Steve in a way that Billy can appreciate. Billy's tainted too, or something like tainted. He's poison, that's more like it. He wants to ruin Steve, finish what Nancy started because Nancy doesn't deserve Steve, not that Billy does anyway. But who knows maybe by the time he's done with Steve he'll have earned that privilege.

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Author's Note:

I wrote this before I finished season 2, I just have been feelings this ship and wanted to write something for them. It's short and plotless but there is some porn and some feelings in here. Enjoy. Unbetated, all mistakes are my own.

Steve moans, it's a strained and desperate almost pained cry that's like music to Billy's ears. It's so easy, Steve is so easy, Billy barely has to convince him. It's late, after basketball practice and it's just the two of them left in the gym showers. The water is lukewarm weakly beating against Billy's naked back, but he ignores it. Ignores everything but the shape of Steve's pink lips and the sounds he makes.

Billy's got a hand wrapped around Steve's cock, it's not the first time he's touched a guy like this, but it's the first time he's ever touched anything as pure as Steve. It should piss him off, it used too. The thought of Steve made his blood run hot and set his teeth on edge, and the anger is maybe still there a little simmering just beneath the surface of his skin.

But it translates different now, it's turned from rage to a hot needy want that makes him take stupid risks like this.

It's not like he wants anybody thinking he's a fag. Cause he's not a fag, but Steve is pretty like a bitch and he moans like one too, so it's just different in Billy's eyes. Steve is probably a fag though, he barely even protested when Billy advanced on him, he let himself be cornered. Let Billy bite hotly into the flesh of his throat and suck hard enough to bruise.

Steve looked at Billy like Billy was the pretty boy, like he wanted it. Which he did if his half-choked moans were anything to go by. Steve was a total queer, he was the one getting off on this not Billy.

(Never mind that Billy was hard enough to cut through steel)

“Fuck, I’m close.” Steve sighs pressing himself against Billy, thrusting his hips up in time with the strokes. His hands reach up and grab at Billy’s shoulders and his eyes flutter closed. Billy’s close enough to Steve to feel his long lashes flutter softly against his cheekbones and he growls, twisting his hand around the hot dick in his hands, he jerks Steve even harder.

“Say please,” Billy sneers, the anger mixing with arousal again. He presses another bite into Steve, right against the other boy’s shoulder, it’s hard enough to draw blood and it makes Steve cry out accordingly. It’s loud enough to draw attention to anyone who might still be in the gymnasium which makes this even more reckless and stupid. Anybody could still walk in and then they’d see, but right now Billy doesn’t give a fuck.

“Say pretty please, bitch.”

Steve let’s out a moan, that sounds almost like a sob, and he’s shaking apart like he’s about to explode, it’s exquisite. This is even better than Billy ever imagined.

(Not that he ever imagined this, because Billy isn’t a fag.)

“Please, please. Pretty, pretty, please.” Steve whimpers weakly, even as his hips stutter and his jaw clenches and he cums so hard he sees stars. He keeps chanting even as Billy sneers at him, and jerks his dick so hard it hurts but it still feels good.

Billy watches closely, doesn't want to miss a single detail of this. Steve is exquisite, his chest and throat are red, he's covered in bites. (Because Billy won't kiss him, kissing was for fags.) He's got a mess of Steve's cum in the palm of his hand and against his own thigh. He entertains the thought of making Steve lick the mess away for only a second before he dismisses it entirely, it's dangerous to think about stuff like that.

Steve is leaning against him entirely, panting and completely out of it. Billy's lip curls slightly in something unpleasant, this is too close to cuddling and it's not something Billy does even with an actual bitch. He pushes Steve away, gently and lets him slide down the shower floor.

Billy watches Steve out of the corner of his eye, the kid's so out of it he doesn't even seem aware of much of anything. Or maybe he's too embarrassed to try and catch Billy's eye. Either way Billy has no interest in whatever's going on inside Steve's head. He just rinses himself clean and leaves, steadfastly ignoring his own hard dick.

He's not about to so much as jerk off thinking about Steve, doesn't entertain the possibility for even a second. There were plenty of cows in this shithole more than willing to take care of this for him. Some of them weren't even half bad looking. Although, a nagging thought plays at the back of his mind, none of them were as pretty as Steve.

Author's Note:

I'm not sorry.